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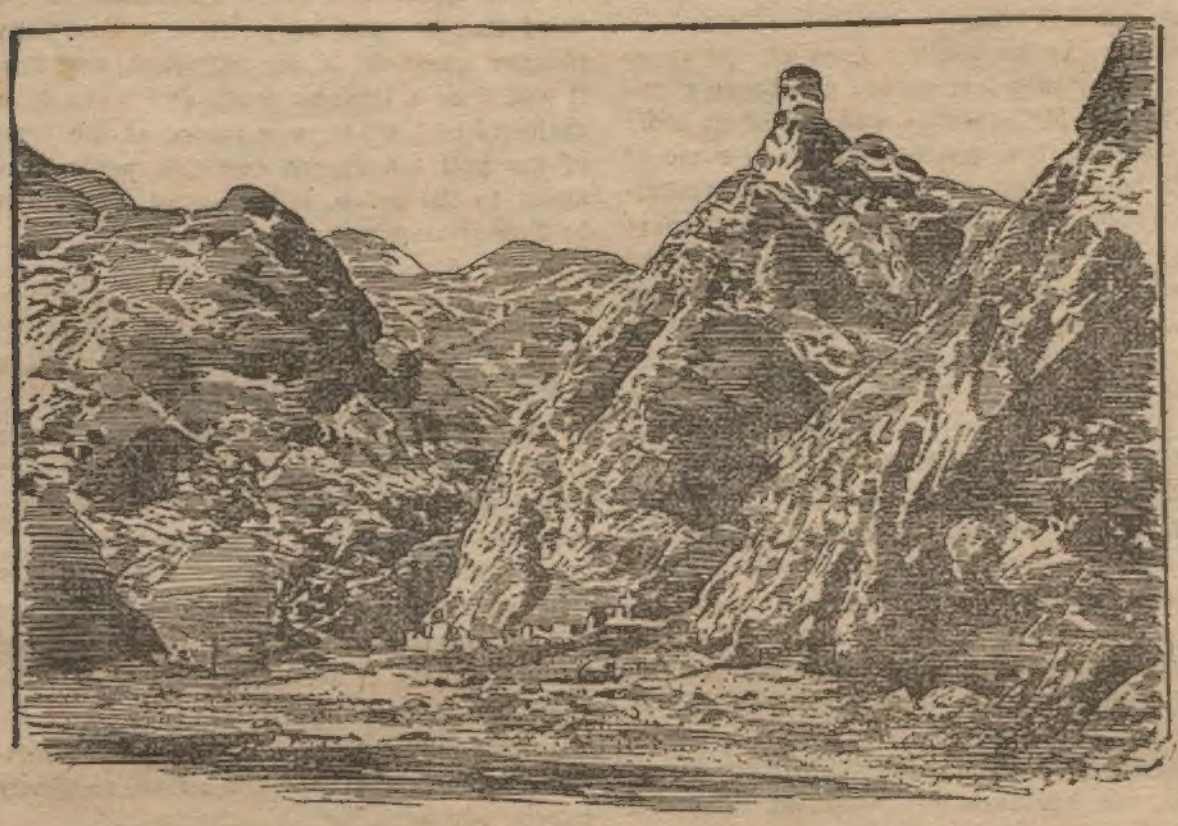

BISHOP FRENCH'S BURIAL-PLACE AT MUSCAT, IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

(The Bishop's grave is marked by a cross on the extreme right.)

Bishop French's Grave.

Very sacred are the spots where lie the mortal remains of men whom God has honored to be pioneers of great enterprises. How many of us have reverently looked upon the stone in Westminster Abbey which marks where the body of David Livingstone was laid! At Paramatta, in New South Wales, we may stand by the tomb of Samuel Marsden, the apostle of New Zealand. At Peshawar, on the Afghan frontier, we may find in the cemetery six missionary graves. What must it be to enter that little enclosure at Usambiro, where Bishop Parker and Alexander Mackay lie buried! Or God's Acre at Sierra Leone, with its tombs of three bishops and a whole host of men and women faithful unto death!

But still more sacred are the solitary graves of those servants of the Lord who laid down their lives for him alone in lands where no other messenger of the Cross had been before. Of deepest interest is the one shown in our picture. That quaint nook at the foot of those wild untrodden mountains is on the Arabian coast, looking across the Gulf of Oman, towards the southern shores of Persia. To the neighboring port of Muscat, with its fanatical Mohammedan population, never before visited by a preacher of the Gospel, went, four years ago, a veteran bishop, who had laid down his honors and dignities to go as a simple missionary to Arabia. Forty years before that, Thomas Valpy French, had gone forth as a young recruit to join the C.M.S. army in India. Now, in his old age, he went literally to 'the regions beyond,' for never on those mountains had appeared the feet of one bringing good tidings of peace. On Feb. 8, 1891, he landed at Muscat. On May 14, the Lord called him home; and on May 18 the tired body was laid to rest between the mountains and the sea.

'The victories of the Church,' said Krapf, the pioneer missionary of East Africa, as he buried his dead wife a few weeks after landing there, 'are always gained by stepping over the graves of her members.' Many years passed before there seemed any fulfilment of that utterance of faith; but the day came when the new missionary colony of Frere Town was established upon the very ground consecrated by the burial of Mrs. Krapf. Shall it be so in Arabia? That is the question asked by Archdeacon Arthur Moule in his beautiful lines on Bishop French:—

'Where Muscat fronts the Orient sun
'Twixt heaving sea and rocky steep,
His work of mercy scarce begun,
A saintly soul has fallen asleep,
Who comes to lift the Cross instead?
Who takes the standard from the dead?'

Romance of a Temperance Tent.

(By Isabel Maude Hamill, in 'Alliance News.')

'There, now; I am sure everything looks lovely. I must just sprinkle a little water on the flowers so that they will keep fresh, and then I shall have finished my work for to-night; heigho! I hope it will be a success.' And as she spoke Ethel Barnes looked round the tent with pardonable pride.

'Well, you have worked hard enough, my dear, and I sincerely trust that this venture of Temperance women will be crowned with—what is better than success—the blessing of the Master.'

'Yes, Mrs. Manners, I meant that when I said success; and I do think God will bless our effort. Do you remember Mrs. Byng's word at the little prayer meeting we had when we met to talk over our scheme?'

'No, dear.'

'She prayed that we might win "one" soul from the power of drink by our Temperance refreshment tent, and then it would be worth all the labor and trouble.'

'All! Indeed it would; but if we do not succeed in that, we hope to keep many from getting much during the three days, and that will be something.'

'Yes, but I have a strong feeling that we shall save someone by God's help.'

'God bless you, Ethel; you are a true helper in any good cause. You always make one hopeful,' and as Mrs. Manners spoke she kissed the bright, winsome face so full of youth's brightest promise.

It was Leyton Agricultural Show, and the Temperance women had decided, if consent could be obtained, to have a tent where all sorts of refreshments could be sold, minus intoxicants. They had obtained their desire, and had worked with willing hands and hopeful hearts, but perhaps the one who had thrown most energy and loving service into the undertaking was Ethel Barnes, the daughter of a well-known and respected solicitor in the neighborhood. She was a girl of undaunted energy, and full of enthusiasm for any cause she espoused. For upwards of six years she had devoted herself ungrudgingly to Temperance work, and her winning manners and pleasing face had been the means of inducing many to come out on the 'right side.'

The opening day dawned bright and sunny, and Ethel was early at her post, looking sweet and fresh in her pretty white gown, which was touched here and there by knots of pink ribbon, and a bunch of pink roses fastened in her belt. Certainly, no tent on the ground had more willing, attractive attendants, and no interior was half as pretty. Quaint mottoes done in all sorts of colors and devices were hung around, and bowls of roses, rich and rare, were placed on the little tables intended for teas. These were daintily set out with snowy napery, shining silver, and china which, if not of the finest, was very superior to that in any of the other refreshment tents. During the day the heat was intense, and Ethel and her helpers had a very busy time, for one told another of the pretty tent where the waiters were so willing and cheerful amidst all the discomforts of a boiling sun and impatient customers.

Amongst those who strayed into it with the intention of enjoying a lark at the teetotalers' expense was a tall, handsome man of thirty to thirty-five years of age. His first thought was one of surprise as he glanced at the pretty interior, his second admiration as he noticed the unfailing good temper, the pleasant smiles, and anxiety to please of those who waited.

'Why!' he exclaimed under his breath, 'there's something not far short of heroism that will make these women work like galley-slaves in a heat like this to try to prevent people getting intoxicants; it's in their hearts, and no mistake. Allow me,' he suddenly said, jumping from his seat, and taking a hissing tea urn out of Ethel Barnes' hands, 'it's too heavy for you.'

Ethel looked up in wonder to see who had thus relieved her of her burden, and met two laughing eyes evidently amused at her surprise. She smiled in return, and thanked him.

'You must find it dreadfully hot here; how do you manage to get through and keep cool?"

'We don't keep very cool, but we came here intending to work and make our tent a success.'

'So it is; and if one could just get a brandy and soda here it would be perfect.'

Ethel, ever ready at repartee, replied, 'Well, you see, "we" cater for the "public good," consequently do not provide anything likely to do harm.'

'But you don't know that it would do me harm.'

'I believe it does everybody harm. But what may I get you?' she added, laughingly.

'A cup of afternoon tea,' he replied, smiling too. He paid double for the tea, saying that it was well worth it, and that he should bring some of his friends in later on.

'Do you know who that was?' whispered a lady to Ethel soon after the visitor had taken his departure.

'No; he seemed up to a bit of fun, though.'

'He wishes to be the candidate for the Northern Division of Cranfield; Marsden's his name; Liberal, but wrong on the drink question.'

'Then we must try and put him right.'

'Not so easy, my dear; he's too fond of it himself.'

All afternoon the people crowded into the Temperance tent, and as the evening drew on Ethel began to look out for Mr. Marsden with some anxiety. What she had heard had made her doubly anxious that he should patronise theirs instead of the other places of refreshment. He came, but late on, and he had been to the other tent in the interval and obtained the brandy. Not thinking that it would be noticed he entered jokingly, and asked for two lemonades. Ethel brought them, looking very grave, and as he handed her the money for payment she said quietly, 'I am so sorry.'

'Sorry! Has anything bad happened?' he inquired.

'Yes; at least I think so. But you will feel the effects, not I; only I am sorry all the same.' A light dawned on him.

'Oh! you mean that I have had some brandy, do you? Well! there's nothing bad about that, is there? though I don't say that I should not have been as well without it.'

'You don't know till you try how much better you would feel in every way. One can get through far more work. Besides,' continued Ethel, enthusiastically, now carried away by her one desire to do good and gain adherents to the cause, 'people like you have such an untold influence. Numbers will do as you do. Even to-day I have seen several who had had more than they ought, taking it for company, because someone else did. I wish there were no such things as brandy and whiskey; they are only a curse.'

'Ah! but you are extreme.'

'To anyone holding your views I seem so, no doubt; but perhaps you have not seen the awful misery and wretchedness that are the consequences of alcohol, as I have. You see I have been amongst it for six or seven years, and do not speak without knowledge. If only we could give the people themselves power to say whether they would have these public-houses thrust upon them or not!'

'Then you are a Vetoist, are you?' he asked, smilingly.

'I am a Prohibitionist myself, but as that cannot be carried out as things are at present, I go heartily for every feasible reform.'

'You are in earnest, Miss Barnes, and I respect you for it. Still you must own there are plenty of people who take it in moderation, and to whom it is a benefit.'

'That's where we differ. I believe no benefit can come from taking it, and I also think a great responsibility attaches to those who do. But I must not stay talking any longer; perhaps you will think about the subject?' and as she spoke she looked earnestly at him.

'Well, I may; I never have done, I honestly confess.'

'If you will think seriously I am sure you will come round to our views. We Temperance women will help you to win your election if you are sound on Sunday Closing and Local Option, but we shall oppose you tooth and nail when the time comes if you are not,' and, laughing at his look of surprise, she left him.

During the succeeding days of the show the Temperance tent gained greatly in popularity, and Mr. Marsden was one of its most regular and best patrons. In fact, some of their best customers were due to his recommendation. At the close of the last day, when all were busy packing up, hot and weary, but delighted with the result of their venture (financially it had been a great success), Ethel Barnes, who was alone in the little reserve tent, suddenly heard a voice say close beside her, 'Miss Barnes, I wish I could help you; you look so tired. Is there nothing I can do?'

'Yes,' she replied, laughingly, 'work as hard as you can for the Local Option and Sunday Closing 'that's what you can do.'

He looked grave as he answered, 'You Temperance women have made me 'think,' and there might be more unlikely things than my doing so.'

She looked at him incredulously for a moment, but her eyes fell before his, and she replied softly, 'Oh! it will be lovely if you do.'

'Will you promise to help me to see this Temperance question in its right light, and other things, too,' he added in a lower tone.

'Of course I will do all I can to forward the cause,' she replied, her fingers trembling as she tied up a parcel.

He drew nearer and put his hand lightly on her shoulder.

'Will you listen to me for a few minutes? I know you will think me very presumptuous, but it is no use, I must tell you. You have given me new ideas of life and its responsibilities, and I want you to help me to carry them out; will you?' Will you be my wife, and stand by me in my moments of weakness. I feel I could do anything, and rise to any heights with you by my side, for I love you—darling, I love you, and I have never told any woman so before. Can you give me any hope? I know it is sudden, and I will wait any length of time for an answer.'

Ethel looked up in shy surprise, as she answered hesitatingly, 'I cannot, indeed, give you an answer now. Oh! it's all so sudden; you don't know me, and—her face falling—I could never marry anyone who was not a total abstainer.'

There was silence for a moment or two, during which each heard distinctly the beating of their own hearts; then he said, 'I felt you would say this, and I love you so truly that I am prepared to make any sacrifice to gain your love.'

She looked gratefully at him as she answered, 'It is very good of you, and I am sure you know that I appreciate what you say, but please don't say anything more now, you have surprised me so much.'

'Have I? I hoped that you would see where I was drifting, for I couldn't help myself.'

Voices were heard approaching, so after a pressure of her hand he left her standing, with a look of mingled surprise and—was it love? he hoped so—in her blue-grey eyes.

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Nearly two years had elapsed since the Leyton Agricultural Show, and Ethel Barnes had been the happy wife of Herbert Marsden for over six months, when a vacancy occurred unexpectedly in the Northern Division of Cranfield, through the somewhat sudden death of the Tory member. Political feeling ran high, the brewing interest was strong in the district, and opposition of a most strenuous kind was offered to Herbert Marsden, who had boldly declared in favor of Sunday Closing and Local Option. With his beautiful wife by his side he addressed crowded audiences, never forgetting to tell them that he owed his position on the Temperance question to her influence, and that it would be a lifelong debt; and when by a majority of 1,000 he was placed at the head of the poll his speech testified again and again to the noble, self-denying work done by Temperance men 'and women.'

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'God moves in a mysterious way,' sang the band of Temperance women at their meeting a few days after the election.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Manners, at the conclusion of the hymn, 'we none of us thought two years ago that our Temperance tent was going to be the means of giving us an out-and-out Temperance M.P. It is marvellous how God works, and I know all our hearts are full of gratitude that our beloved Ethel found a sphere of usefulness so exactly suited to her in every way.'

At this moment the door was pushed softly open, and Ethel Marsden's face, radiantly happy, appeared.

'I knew you would be meeting now, and I felt I must come in and sing the Doxology with you before we go away for our holiday,' she said, in a voice full of feeling. 'There seems so much to praise God for. Do you know my husband makes me realize already that I am not earnest enough. He says in every possible way in the House he will do all he can to promote Temperance legislation, and that we must work on, not minding discouragements. Oh! I am so thankful.'

Needless to say the Doxology was sung by hearts full of gratitude, and eyes wet with happy tears, and Ethel Marsden left the room feeling that her cup of joy was running over, and more determined than ever to devote all her energies 'for God and home, and every land.'

Those who are not within reach of the great libraries, and, who, therefore, cannot read the foreign journals of the world, will find an exceedingly good selection of the best articles they contain in 'World Wide.' Twenty cents in stamps will bring it to you regularly to the end of the year. See the advertisement in this paper.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Sept. 15, Sun.—Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits.

Sept. 16, Mon.—He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

Sept. 17, Tues.—Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

Sept. 18, Wed.—Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee.

Sept. 19, Thur.—No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Sept. 20, Fri.—Revive us again.

Sept. 21, Sat.—Thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

BOYS AND GIRLS

DRAFTING THE WILL.

The Last Gift.

('Cottager and Artisan.')

The bequest was made many years ago. Sir William Handford was within a month of his seventy-first birthday. He was suffering from an incurable disease. Dr. Willis had more than once urged upon his patient the wisdom of making his will without delay. But so far his advice had not been acted upon, and should Sir William die suddenly his fortune would no doubt be squandered by his nephew, Walter Brabant, his sister's only child.

But an attack of acute pain, and the weakness that followed, made it clear to the sufferer's mind that no time must now be lost.

Both the baronet's father and grandfather had passed away in their seventieth year. The remembrance of this made a great impression upon him. Tossing without sleep upon his bed, he could think of nothing else but the neglected will. Some voice seemed to urge him: 'It must be done now.'

That morning, as soon as the baronet had taken his breakfast, a messenger was despatched in haste to Mr. Westfield, the family solicitor, in Castleford.

Sir William was downstairs wrapped in his dressing-gown, and seated in the great arm-chair in the old-fashioned dining-room, waiting for Mr. Westfield. During the next hour the two men were busily occupied; the one dictating, the other making careful notes.

Again and again the lawyer paused, quill in hand; looked into the face of his client, and waited for the next item.

The clause in the will which more particularly concerns us was the last, in which Sir William bequeathed £10,000 for the founding of a hospital in Castleford in memory of his wife.

It would be impossible to tell anyone who did not live in that North-country town at the time how beloved was the memory of Lady Handford; and when she 'fell asleep' in Jesus, two years before the making of the will, deep and sincere was the grief of all who knew her. To her husband the loss was so acute that he never really recovered from it.

Lady Elizabeth had been simply devoted to works of charity. The poor had loved her, not only for the help she gave them, but for the kindly way in which she did it. Her desire had been 'in imitation of Christ, to weep with those that weep'; she acted cheerfully upon the Apostle's teaching: 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.'

In course of time the hospital was built, and proved to be a fitting memorial of the noble woman. The principal ward was named the 'Lady Elizabeth Ward.' Over the fireplace there hung two portraits, representing Sir William and Lady Handford in the dress of the period.

Many changes have taken place in the town since the hospital was built. It has become the centre of a great iron industry, and has extended along the banks of the river.

The hospital has been enlarged more than once, and even now is scarcely equal to the number of patients seeking admission. In one of the new wards there is hung in a suitable position a large illuminated text, framed and glazed. It is one of the promises of the Lord Jesus Christ to his disciples a few hours before his death: 'I give unto my sheep eternal life.'

Would you like to know how this 'last bequest' of our Lord enriched a workman who had been injured in the iron works?

Some machinery gave way in the moment of lifting a cauldron of molten metal, about to be used for an important casting. The glowing iron was upset. Robert Watson was assisting. He was dreadfully burned by the liquid metal. So severely was he injured that the hospital doctors gave little hope of recovery. They did, however, their best for him.

In a few days he made such good progress that some spoke confidently of restoration to health.

During these days of suffering his eyes caught the words of the text. One day as his wife sat by his side he said to her: 'I remember learning that passage when I was a boy in Sunday-school. I can recall the teacher, and a lesson about the Good Shepherd. I want to get well, Lottie, for your sake, But if I don't, you will know that I have asked Jesus to give me eternal life.'

The sorrowing wife went home that day with a great fear in her heart. She felt that she had seen her husband for the last time. And so it proved. A relapse came in the night, and before morning Robert Watson had been called to receive Christ's bequest.

The money gift was useful indeed in providing for the relief of bodily pain. But the words of Jesus meet the needs of the soul. And who can say how many reading the text in the Castleford hospital: 'I give unto my sheep eternal life,' have been blessed forever by seeing it hanging in the ward?

A Leader of Men.

(By Caroline Abbot Stanley, in 'Forward.')

As the principal stepped outside the door at the close of the school a volley of oaths met her ear. Profanity was an unusual thing on this playground. She stood still and surveyed the group.

The offender, a colored boy of sixteen, was standing with his back to the door and did not see her. He was facing a white boy, perhaps three years younger, who was doggedly standing his ground.

'You lie!' the negro said with an imprecation; 'you did do it, you'—

He stopped suddenly, warned by the faces of the boys that something was wrong. When he turned he met the steady gaze of the principal.

'You may both go to my room,' she said in the quiet tone they understood. The group began to melt away. When they stood before her she turned to the larger boy: 'What's the trouble, Levi?'

'He was makin' fun of me!' he said, angrily. 'They all make fun of me!'

'I wasn't making fun of him, Mrs. McMillan. He thinks I was, but honest, I wasn't.'

'You were, too!'

'That will do, Levi. Now, Rob.'

'Well,' he began, 'just before school was out Jack McCalmot had a feather and was blowing it up. It lit on Levi's head and stuck'—he giggled in spite of himself at the recollection, and Levi clenched his fist. 'I sit right behind Levi, and I reached over and took it off, because the boys were laughing, and I knew it would make him mad. He turned round and saw it in my hand and he thought I put it there. That's all there is to it.'

The principal looked at Levi. He had softened during this explanation, but was unconvinced still.

'They are always plaguin' me—callin' me "nigger," and everything!' he said, sullenly.

'Is this true, Rob?'

'We—l—l, sometimes. But we don't mean anything by it. We just say:

'"Nigger, nigger, never die,
Black face and shiny eye;"

and then he gets so awful mad that the boys think it's fun. That's what they do it for.'

'Yes, and what else do you say?' Levi demanded. 'You know that ain't all!'

'Oh-h, when you run after them somebody always says:

'"Catch a nigger by the toe,
When he hollers let him go."

But that ain't anything!'

'It ain't!' sneered Levi. 'Well, go on! tell her what you call me!'

'We call you "Naps,"' replied the boy, lifting his head and looking at him sturdily, 'and you call me, "Curly-headed Jew," and Clare, "Babboon," and John, "Red-headed Woodpecker," and we don't care—and it wouldn't do any good if we did!' he added.

The principal interposed. 'This is really all there is of this, Rob?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Very well; you may go.'

When the lad had closed the door, she

turned to the negro who stood twisting his old hat.

'What do you care for such child's talk as this, Levi?' she asked, impatiently. 'You are too old to mind what they say.'

'I do care!' he burst out, vehemently. 'Do you think I don't mind being a negro? I hate it! I hate it! I hate it!' The pent-up bitterness of years broke forth with a power that swept all restraints before it.

The principal was appalled. Here was no ordinary case to deal with. She had thought to settle disorder on the playground; she had come face to face with a maddened soul's rebellion at fate. No placebo would do here; it needed the surgeon's knife. She looked at him steadily, until he raised his eyes to hers.

'Well,' she said, 'you are a negro! you will always be! But what are you going to do about it?'

It was like the lash on a bleeding back. The boy recoiled from her words, as if they had been blows. It was not like her to be cruel.

'What are you going to do about it?' she repeated, with slow emphasis. 'You can no more help it than I can help being a woman. I remember when I rebelled at that with my whole soul. But it didn't change the fact. I am a woman still.'

The boy stopped turning his hat, but did not look up.

'Suppose you go on whining at the fate that made you a negro, and fighting blindly everything and everybody that reminds you of it—what good will it do? You will live and die a negro!'

It seemed almost as if she was taunting him with the hopelessness of his case, and yet, smarting as he was, he understood dimly that she was hurting to help.

'You've got this to face, Levi. Meet it like a man! You can make yourself respected in spite of it.'

'Not if you are black.' There was no excitement in the boy's tone now—only bitter conviction and entire lack of hope.

For one moment she put herself in his place, the place of this despairing lad, who felt himself beaten in the race before it began. It gave her a shuddering realization of what it meant to him.

'Levi!' The quick human sympathy throbbing in her voice went straight to his heart. 'I know how you feel. These foolish things the boys say sting and goad you to desperation. You feel that it's no use trying, that you'll never have any chance, that God himself is against you, that you suffer for what is not your fault! Isn't it so?'

The boy swallowed convulsively. Two big tears formed in his eyes. If he moved a muscle they would fall. He held them back. If only she had kept her hard tone, he could have stood it out. But—this was the way he felt—she did know! The drops fell.

'I would do anything I could for you, Levi, but nobody can help you to bear this but God and yourself.'

Two other drops formed slowly.

'Now—there are two ways open to you. You can make up your mind that, being colored, you can't do anything or be anybody, and so will not try. That's one way. Or'—

She stopped. He looked up at last, his curiosity stirred in spite of himself.

'Or, you can be like Booker T. Washington.'

His head dropped. This meant nothing to him—some white man or other that had done something, he supposed.

'Did you ever hear of Booker T. Washington?'

He shook his head.

The principal looked at the clock. It was the day for her art class, and she was already late. They were studying Greek sculpture. She looked again at the boy. The hopeless dejection of his attitude smote her. She drew a quick breath. After all, what was art compared with life? What would a knowledge of Phidias avail her if she must remember afterwards that she had missed an opportunity to shape a soul?

'Sit down,' she said, quietly, 'I'll tell you about him.' She left her desk and sat beside him.

When she was through with that wonderful story the art class was about to adjourn. She rose as she spoke the last sentence. The boy rose, too.

'To-day Booker T. Washington is a leader among men, and—he is a negro! '

He drew in his breath.

She laid her hand on his ragged coat sleeve and looked into responsive eyes.

'Good night, Levi.'

She heard him shuffle out of the room and through the darkening corridor. Then she laughed softly. 'I'm a pretty disciplinarian! Brought that boy in here to reprove him for swearing and never said a word about it!'

Levi left school soon after this. He was going to the business college, he said, to learn stenography—stenography, with poor spelling and worse English as a foundation! He would not listen to the principal's advice that he should fit himself for teaching the common branches and go South to labor among his own people. He wouldn't like that, he thought, it was too slow. He was bound to make something of himself—to show people that a negro could do whatever a white man could.

Mrs. McMillan sighed softly as he went away. Perhaps she would better have gone to her art class that day after all?

He came back a few months later. He did not like it very well at the business college, he said. He had found stenography hard and dry. He wanted to do something that would count. He had a new plan which he proceeded to unfold. He was working out now—at Mrs. Strafford's. She was a good lady, filled with lofty ideas for the advancement of the lower classes—about one in fifty of which were practicable.

'I want to do something to elevate my race!' he announced in a somewhat pompous tone.

Mrs. McMillan laid down her fountain pen and regarded him with interest. 'What were you thinking of doing, Levi?' she asked, dryly.

'I want to be an orator.' He could not help swelling a little as he said it. He had a vision of listening multitudes and himself the central figure. 'I'm going round to speak on the wrongs of my people.'

'Oh-h!'

'I may conclude to be an editor,' he added, hastily. The monosyllable was a little chilling to his ardor.

Mrs. McMillan was cudgeling her brain to think where he could have got this crazy notion. It flashed upon her at last.

'Did you hear Fannie Barrier Williams lecture here last week?' Mrs. Williams was an educated colored woman lecturing on this class of subjects. He had. This explained his new ambition.

'How do you expect to prepare yourself for this work?' she asked.

That was what he had come to see about. Mrs. Strafford thought he ought to have some little history before he began, and he had come to see if he would be allowed to take United States history with the class in Number Twelve. He could be spared only for one hour. Mrs. Strafford would teach him elocution, he said, with a slight return of the swelling. He already knew part of 'Rienzi's Address to the Romans.' It began, 'Friends! I come not here to talk'—

'I've heard it,' interrupted Mrs. McMillan, rather curtly. 'Do you know who Rienzi was?'

'No'm. I know he was a colored man, because he was a slave, but I don't'—

'Do you know who the Romans were?'

Levi looked embarrassed. 'Some kind of foreigners, wasn't they?'

Mrs. McMillan did not answer him. 'Your plan, Levi, is to come once a day for history with Number Twelve—nothing more. Mrs. Strafford will teach you elocution and oratory. Don't you want to keep up your language lessons? You will need a little knowledge of English, even if you are going to be an editor!'

Levi missed the satirical note and thought not. He had got as far as the adjective complement. He guessed that would do to begin on.

Mrs. McMillan was exceedingly vexed at the turn affairs had taken. The boy was bright, but was in a fair way to be utterly spoiled. She sat a moment in thought. Then she shut her book together with a snap.

'I will agree to this arrangement upon one condition. It is this: I must have the selection of the speeches you are to learn. Do you agree to that?'

'Yes's; I'll agree to it, but I don't know whether Mrs. Strafford will.'

'Very well. Then the arrangement will not be made. You understand that I am not obliged to admit you in this way. It is simply a matter of good nature.'

'What speeches do you want me to learn?' he asked, doubtfully.

'Booker T. Washington's.'

Booker T. Washington was now Levi's hero. To have his words put into his mouth, he thought, would be to insure success. Moreover, Mrs. Strafford would certainly approve of this. He eagerly accepted the principal's terms.

'I bet he can give it to 'em!' he thought.

Mrs. McMillan took two hours that night to look up material for Levi's forensic education. It was no mean array—the story of Booker T. Washington's life, editorial comments upon his work, a detailed account of the school at Tuskeegee, incidents illustrating his character and methods, extracts from his speeches—these last to be memorized, the others to be read and explained.

Levi entered upon his history with interest, upon the speeches with enthusiasm unbounded. He felt in his heart that he would soon be ready for the platform. The principal could not have done better for the boy than to put him under the guidance of Booker T. Washington. As he read of the esteem in which this man was held by white men, his heart welled up with joy and exultation. Washington was a negro! He made men look up to him! white men! He would do the same!

When he got so far he went back to Rienzi's Address on the sly, and ranted and raved along the country road as he drove Mrs. Strafford's Jersey cow to pasture.

'Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!' he would shout, and the gentle animal would turn and look at him with her great, meek eyes, and then, finding that there was nothing back of his high-sounding words, would nibble along the roadside as usual, little realizing that she was being driven by a leader of men.

'Where did he learn elocution?' he asked the principal, wonderingly, when she told him that Booker Washington had been in-

vited to address the National Educational Association. 'He must be a great orator for all the white people to want to hear him!'

The principal looked at him with quiet significance. 'He isn't asked to speak because of his elocution, Levi, because he has something to say — because he has done something.'

The boy looked puzzled. 'Seems like he would have to learn how to say it—even if'—

He had tried the night before to write a speech on 'The Wrongs of the Negro in the Public Schools.' His thoughts on this subject were burning enough, but somehow when he tried to put them into words they were as cold and lifeless as a child's essay on 'Spring.'

'Oh,' she said, 'you know he is a well-educated man. He couldn't do what he has done without years and years of preparation.'

Levi's countenance fell. He had thought it was a vague kind of inspiration that would come with a theme and an audience. He got out his Language Book that night and turned back to the adjective complement. Years and years of preparation! The first doubt of the wisdom of his plan crept into his mind.

'I can't put no kind of elocution in this,' he said, discontentedly, to the principal one night after school, extending an extract she had given him to learn.

She remembered it. It was a sturdy appeal to the race to take up their work in life where they found it; to do it faithfully and well; to merit, rather than fight for, respect; to look for influence not through the ballot-box but through the acquisition of property.

'Don't try,' she said. 'Get his meaning thoroughly and then speak it as if you believed it.'

Levi put hard study and deep thought on that speech. 'This is a mighty queer way for a colored man to talk!' he said to himself half indignantly as he labored over it. But by the time he had the words in his mind he had the thought in his soul. A wise teacher of elocution was the principal.

When he came to study about the school at Tuskeegee, to see how work was emphasized and dignified, how industrial training went hand in hand with book learning, how elocution gave place to carpentering, and oratory to blacksmithing, he became despondently doubtful of his own career. What connection was there between Booker Washington's homespun methods and 'Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse ye slaves!'? He could not even imagine himself standing in Tuskeegee before those plodding negroes who were learning how to live, and making any kind of a speech.

The leaven of good sense had been working in Levi's mind for several months when the principal said to him one day, 'Levi, Booker T. Washington will be here Friday night to speak. He is on our lecture course. I find that it will be impossible for me to go. You may take my ticket if you would like to and go to hear him.'

Levi felt that it was the opportunity of his life. If he could hear this man talk all might be clearer to him. Perhaps Mr. Washington might know of some place where a young orator was wanted.

The lecture was on Friday night. Monday morning, bright and early, Levi presented himself before the principal. He carried a big pile of books and looked happier than he had done for a year, as he handed her the ticket.

'Well, Levi, how was the lecture?'

'They all said it was mighty fine—the white folks did.'

'Didn't you like it?'

'We—l—l,' he said, slowly, 'there wasn't no elocution about it—it was just plain talk—anybody could a-said it. But seemed like he made us all think just like he did.'

'What did he say?'

'I can't tell it like Mr. Washington did,' he said, with a reverential lingering on the name, 'but as fur as I could gether it was like this: A man's got to h'ist himself before he can do anything toward h'istin' his race. The way to do it is to get character and education and property; and he can't get anything without beginnin' at the bottom and climbin' up and holdin' on. That's as near as I could make it out.'

'I suspect you've gathered the substance of it,' said the principal.

Levi fumbled his hat nervously. 'Mrs. McMillan,' he said at length, 'I'm goin' to quit this here foolishness about elocution. I've got to get an education! I want to go back where I belong. I'm seventeen years old. I got to quit foolin' and go to work. I want to be thorough as fur as I do go! No'm, I don't care what the chil'n say!'

Contributions.

(By Sally Campbell, in 'Wellspring.')

They were college girls off for their vacation and enjoying life with all their might. Just now, having come in from a bicycle ride, they were in their own room for the few minutes that were left before tea. Julia Hendricks was standing before the glass humming a gay little tune and smiling a gay little smile, as she tucked a university pin away in her ribbons somewhere and thought of the junior who had presented it to her. The tune and the thought were interrupted, presently, by Susie Mercur's voice from the little balcony outside the window. Susie, in her pretty muslin frock, was ready for the evening, and had leisure to sit on the railing and reflect upon the prospect.

'Aren't we glad that we are not natives?' was what she had called in to Julia.

'Natives?' questioned Julia, hastily shutting the bureau drawer and gathering up her handkerchief, preparatory to getting within closer conversational range. Then, as she stepped outside and followed her friend's gaze to the clump of small houses across the narrow inlet, she answered herself comprehendingly, 'Oh, yes, you mean the fishermen —and women and children.'

'Girls like us, too, I suppose,' added Susie. 'What glorious times we are having, and how fearfully stupid their life must be. Think of the winter!'

There was a pause. Both faces grew sober, as they looked over at the little village and tried to imagine existence in one of its weather-beaten dwellings.

'Wouldn't it be lovely,' said Susie, with a sigh, 'to be one of those independent heiresses who can go to a town and see its needs and supply them with a stroke of the pen? I'd love to scatter largess over in that dismal little community.'

'Perhaps,' said Julia, slowly groping after the vague idea that was stirring in her mind, 'perhaps the independent heiresses are not so independent as they seem. I dare say they have their handicaps, too, if we only knew. Maybe they go into a town and see needs and long to supply them, but are afraid to venture. They feel that the town authorities will sniff if they offer anything less than a free lending library or a new church building. And, you know, even millions will not suffice for such expenditures every afternoon. I don't believe I envy the heiresses. I should hate to be cut off from cups of cold water and little deeds of love.'

Before Susie could answer the tea bell rang.

The next day there was a yachting party which began early and lasted late. The day after was Sunday.

It was still early when Susie, hatted and parasoled, presented herself before Julia's wondering eyes.

'Why, where are you going?'

'Prospecting. I hope that you and your junior will enjoy the service together.'

'But where is your senior or kindergartner or graybeard, whichever it was to have been to-day?'

'They are all still living,' said Susie, airily, 'in spite of my defection. Good-by. I will tell you all about it when I get back.'

But it was a very long time before she got back. The dinner hour came and passed, and the afternoon was far gone. Julia was beginning to a trifle uneasy when she heard the front door shut and a light step on the stair.

'I have had adventures,' said Susie, throwing herself, laughing and breathless, into a chair.

'You took plenty of time for them,' said Julia, in rather an injured tone. 'I was about to get up a search party. Where on earth have you been?'

'In prison! Yes, I have; locked up behind "bona fide" bolts and bars, without even prison fare to sustain me. No bread and water. But, fortunately, I was not in solitary confinement.'

'What happened to you?' cried Julia, full of curiosity. 'Begin now, and tell from the beginning properly.'

'Well, my dear, you are largely responsible for this escapade. You see, when I pitied the fisher people across the inlet, you wouldn't let me fall back peacefully on wishing I was a millionnaire and could give them the moon. You hinted that there might be lesser gifts to which my brotherly love and common sense would do better to aspire. I saw your wisdom and determined to reconnoitre the field to-day. So I went to meeting across the bridge, as a start.'

Julia glanced over at the very modest church steeple in the midst of the clump of cottages.

'They have service there all the year round, I suppose.'

'Yes, and sometimes the wind rises and the waves roar until they can hardly hear the preacher's voice and it seems as if they would all be carried out to sea at any minute.'

'How do you know?'

'Oh, I know a great many things that I didn't know this morning. You see, there were girls there like us, just as I said. I picked out the one nearest me, and, after church, I told her how much I had enjoyed the service.'

'What was it like?'

'Well, the people were plain, and the preacher was plain, and the sermon was plain, but for some reason it was as though the Master was there, as his custom was.'

'What was the girl's name?' asked Julia, after a pause.

'Louella Carewe. After we had talked a little while she took me upstairs in the tower to see the view, and we talked some more, and when we got down, my dear, everybody was gone and everything was locked up.'

'The windows?' suggested Julia.

'They were pretty high and pretty narrow and pretty dusty in the corners. It was as much as our best dresses were worth to attempt them. So we settled down to wait. And meantime we talked.'

'For variety.'

'Precisely; that was the object of my going, in the first place, don't you remember? I found out that the winters are long and dull and the summer are short and dull. As for us summer boarders over here we hardly figure in their minds at all, except as a means of money-making. It was rather a shock to know how little our good times disturb them. They are not pining for the moon at all.'

'Nor for a cup of cold water, either?' asked Julia.

'Yes, indeed; but such a very queer cup. What do you suppose that Miss Louella Carewe's imagination has been working on for months?'

'I can't think.'

'A woman's foreign missionary society.'

Julia stared, then laughed. 'What a praiseworthy girl! Was she speaking from the heart?'

'If I haven't a more missionary spirit from this time on, it will not be the fault of Louella Carewe. After I had interviewed her at length, out of pity for her narrow horizon, she began to question me, and before long I was feeling half suffocated within my own small limits. She doesn't envy us our bicycles or moonlight picnics, but when I told her that I had seen a real, live missionary, in fact several, I am afraid that she broke the tenth commandment.'

By the next morning Susie had her plans all made. Once more she crossed the bridge, taking Julia with her this time, and they had another interview with Louella.

'Let us three get up a missionary society in your church,' said Susie.

'But we couldn't, could we?' asked Louella, doubtfully. 'I guess you don't understand what kind of folks we are here. We aren't like city people. We don't know things.'

'You can read, can't you?'

'Certainly,' with some dignity.

'So I supposed. And you'd like to know things about missions?'

'Yes, if we could.'

'You can. Never fear. My dear girl, the question of being city or country folks is a mere detail. The president of our society at home would be glad, I'm sure, to trade off all the things we know for your desire to know. Zeal is what determines the grade in missionary societies, and a good many of them have to skimp along with precious little. It would never do to let a natural supply of it, such as you have right at hand here, run to waste. Now I'll tell you what we'll do. First we will go to all the women in the place and invite them to come to the meeting. May we have it here in this room?'

'Yes,' said Louella, breathless with interest.

'We will tell them that if they don't care to join after they see what it's like, they needn't. And they mustn't be afraid of being asked to speak in meeting without being warned beforehand. Fortunately I brought a little book about China in my trunk for Sunday reading. We can get extracts from it, and Julia, you must remember all you've heard about the empress and tell us that. You wouldn't mind reading a page or two, would you, Miss Carewe?'

'I guess not.'

'Do you know anybody else who would be willing to help this first time?'

'Maybe Emma Hale might. She's a school teacher. She's home for her vacation, now.'

The woman's foreign missionary society became a fact. If you could have gone to some of its meetings, perhaps you would have smiled at their crudeness and the simplicity of their methods. Just a few plain women and girls, come together to hear the Bible and pray a little, to read short missionary articles stumblingly with much original pronunciation, and to contribute small sums of money, the value of which was known only to him who stands always opposite the treasury, watching the people cast in their gifts. But if you could have watched the pleasure of the members in those meetings, their deep enthusiasm for the cause, and strong family affection for their heathen brothers and sisters, then you have indeed been blessed in your experience of missionary societies.

'I saw something in your line, to-day,' said Christy Dutton, a fellow-boarder, to Julia, one afternoon.

'What was it?'

'A returned missionary. I probably shouldn't have noticed him if you and Miss Susie hadn't fired my imagination on the subject. But as it was, I saw this man sitting on the hotel porch, and I said to myself, "If that isn't a Bengalee or a South African hat, I don't know the fashions." So I marched up to him and engaged him in conversation; by and by I asked him whether he could be my guest down here over Sunday and make an address before a certain missionary society. He said he could. Therefore, if you wish him, he is at your service.'

'Is this a fairy tale?'

'No'm, plain fact. Wait till you see the returned hat.'

'You are a diamond jewel!' cried Julia. 'Let's go tell Susie.'

On the next Sunday the little church across the inlet was packed to overflowing, and Louella Carewe's face, as the sermon progressed, was a study. Christy Dutton, watching it from the back seat, had two sermons.

'No, three,' he said to himself, 'three or more. For it isn't always that summer boarders put in their time as the two girls at our house are doing.'

'Is your society to break up into stardust, when you leave it?' he asked, on the way home.

'Indeed, no!' cried Susie. 'Louella is going to keep right on with it, and Julia and I shall still be corresponding members. We can send on lots of ideas through the post-office.'

'Susie ought to feel very well pleased,' said Julia. 'A whole, live missionary society isn't a bad gift to a place, is it?'

'Not by any means,' said Christy, heartily. 'I congratulate you both.'

'No, you needn't,' said Julia. 'I mean to have congratulations of my own before the summer is done. For I have a plan in my mind, too. It isn't as superior as Susie's but it has its uses.'

'Have muscle and brawn any part to play in it?' asked Christy. 'Can I help?'

'Oh, I am depending on you!'

During the weeks that followed daily scouring parties went far up and down the beach, 'taking,' as Christy said, 'their best smiles and blandishments with them.'

Finally Christy rummaged out from the depths of a junkshop some rather broken-down bookshelves, which he mended and painted in a really workmanlike way. Then they were set up in Louella Carewe's front room, and some of them filled with neat rows of books, the fruit of the many expeditions.

'Behold, a public library,' said Christy, 'containing almost a hundred volumes!'

'Never mind,' said Julia; 'plenty of people told us to come to them again when we get back to town. So we can send down some boxes by freight. These are enough to begin with.'

'They are all nice books, anyway,' said Susie. 'Mother and Mrs. Hendricks are the censors of the press for us.'

'Warranted not to contain trash, heresy, or schism,' said Christy. 'So you can deal them out, Miss Carewe, with a quiet mind.'

'Isn't it lovely!' replied Louella, in delight.

'Julia,' said Susie, a few days later when they sat together in the car speeding inland, 'I think anybody is very foolish and misses a great deal who goes away from anywhere without leaving a blessing, even if it's a very wee and homemade one.'

'What do we know about the size of blessings, anyway?' asked Julia.

Light in the Cloud.

('Friendly Greetings.')

It was a lovely evening in June. Flowers were everywhere in bloom, and even in smoky London the glory of midsummer greenery was not yet dimmed, and the trees in Henley Square garden looked specially beautiful.

Here Stella and Joan Fawley were giving their father a Saturday evening recital of the music he loved best.

On that day he came home early from the city, and the office worries and money cares that had lately pressed with unusual weight upon the firm of Fawley and Grey, were forgotten, or at least pushed into the background for a while. 'Thank you,' he said, at the end of a song; 'and now, Joan, dear, sing my favorite, "Oh, rest in the Lord,"' Stella played the accompaniment with a happy light on her sweet face, that did not come from the heart-inspiring words Joan sang.

Everard West had promised to come that evening, and in his companionship Stella felt no need of the comfort her father craved.

There was an interruption presently, but not of sufficient importance to stop their playing. It was only young Neville, one of the clerks from the office.

'Mr. Grey asked me to bring this letter to you, after dinner this evening, sir; he gave it me just after you left.'

Fred Neville was passionately fond of music, and he glanced wistfully at the piano, thinking how lovely Stella looked in the soft evening light, and how pleasant it would be to stay.

But though his master had shown him marked favor of late, he had not invited him to his home, and so he turned and was gone before his startled employer had fully grasped the meaning of the letter.

The Western Bank had stopped payment, and his partner, forseeing ruin to the firm, had gathered all he could together and decamped, and was even now on his way to France.

The music stopped suddenly at his cry of dismay, and the two girls learned the story of his loss and theirs. Everard West, who came in soon afterwards, was also told. Incredulous at first, the young man spoke a few words of constrained sympathy, and made an early excuse for leaving, and nobody regretted his departure.

Mr. Fawley felt almost stunned by the sudden blow; but he had long known where to find a present help in time of trouble; and with the habit of years he went away alone to cast his burden upon God, and then felt strong to face the worst.

'It will not be utter ruin, girls,' he said, a few days later; 'but we shall have to go to a very small house, and spend as little money as possible, and all our best belongings must, I fear, be sold.'

'You need not fear for us, father, dear,' said Stella, bravely; 'I will be your maid-of-all-work—we can save so much more if we

have no servant; and Joan shall be free to carry out a plan of her own.'

'Yes, father, you must let us help. I've only got one talent, I am afraid, but I can trim hats and bonnets to perfection, and I am going to solicit orders from all our friends, and have a milliner's window, if you will let me, in our new abode.'

Mr. Fawley's pride said no to both plans for a moment, as he looked at the eager faces before him. His girls had never needed to soil their hands with work—could he let them begin now? And Stella had been paler than usual since young West's abrupt visit, and no word had come from him since that evening.

Something in her pleading look answered his thought, as he remembered that there is no cure for trouble like hard work, and plenty of it, and so he promised to let them have their way. A tiny house in a cheaper neighborhood was taken, and furnished with their plainest belongings; and though it was hard for Mr. Fawley to begin life again, at least there was no dishonor attaching to his name.

Summer-day friends left them severely alone, but others respected their efforts, and soon Joan's clever fingers had as much work as they could do. 'It is very strange that one's own earnings seem to go so much further than the cheques you used to give us, father,' said Joan, saucily, when six busy, happy months had gone by.

'And I never imagined that so many good dinners could be carved from one small joint,' Stella added with a merry smile. 'And I find a blacklead brush is quite as good as a tennis racquet for exercise.'

It was quite true. The little house was bright and pleasant as a home could be, and in keeping it so, health and strength had come to Stella, and she was stronger than in all her life before. Mr. Grey had not entirely wrecked the firm, and gradually confidence and prosperity came back. Through all the dark days Fred Neville had been Mr. Fawley's right hand, and by his rare business capacity and tact had done more than anyone to get things right once more.

So three years went by, and then the Fawleys moved back to their old home, though Joan refused to give up her shop. 'I will keep it till Stella goes away from us,' she said, 'for I can earn money and do good, and I could not bear to be idle again.'

In the old sunny room they often sing, 'Oh, rest in the Lord'; and Fred Neville, as he takes his rightful place at Stella's side, thanks God for giving him his heart's desire. The chastening of loss and the discipline of hard work courageously done have wrought nothing but good for the father and his girls.

And their charity will be larger and their sympathy more tender to all in need because they have known the burden and the difficulty of a workaday life.

Wise Sacrifice.

(James Buckham, in 'S. S. Herald.')

'What do you intend to be when you are a man?' asked an eminent surgeon of a boy in whom he was interested.

'I want to be a surgeon, like you, sir,' was the quick reply.

The surgeon took the boy's hand and spread it out beside his own. 'You enjoy playing baseball,' he said.

'Oh, yes!' cried the boy. 'I enjoy it better than anything else. I play it almost all the time when, I am out of school.'

'I thought so,' said the surgeon. 'Look at your hands. See how thick the fingers are getting. They feel hard and stiff, too. Before you know it, they will be twisted out of shape. A surgeon needs the most flexible hand in the world, as sensitive as a woman's. If you keep on playing ball in the extravagant fashion you are doing now, until you are twenty-one, your hands will be spoiled for a surgeon's. Now I am going to put you a hard question: Would you be willing to give up baseball for the sake of being a better surgeon than you otherwise could be?'

The boy's face grew sober for a minute. Then he looked up and cried eagerly, 'Yes, sir, I would! I would give up anything for the sake of my best.'

The famous surgeon laid his hand approvingly on the boy's shoulder. 'You will do,' he said, with a smile. 'Yours is the spirit that makes success sure. But you need not give up baseball—only extravagant indulgence in it.'

Willingness to sacrifice the lower to the higher good is one of the surest tests of character. It is something we are all called upon to do. Every life is full of cross-currents of opportunity. Nine times out of ten, the question is not: 'Are both of these opportunities good?' But, 'Which is the better opportunity?' Each is almost sure to conflict with some other and we are absolutely obliged to make a choice.

Wise, and happy, too, in the end, is the boy or girl who, while the opportunities of life are fresh and abundant, has the strength and courage to seize those which are best, and let those which conflict with the best go. Happiest and wisest of all is the young person who seizes the grandest of all opportunities, the opportunity of lifelong consecration and service, at whatever cost of pleasure, or indulgence, or freedom from responsibility.

In A Far Country.

(By Emma Herrick Weed, in 'Onward.')

When he came to himself he said, I will arise!
About are the parched plains, above the leaden skies,
While his heart, like a caged bird, beats its bars with homesick cries.

Last night he dreamed that she came, that she gave him a mother's kiss;
That her soft hand smoothed his brow with its touch of balm and bliss,
And swept away from his brain its awful remembrances.

He dreamed that she led him forth, back, back over moor and fell;
He heard the drip of the stream, in the cool of his native dell;
And he saw the sunrise break on the hills he loved so well.

He stirs in his sleep—he wakes—and with him wakes Despair!
And Hunger, and Thirst, and Death, and the snarling swine are there!
And the swineherd's reeking garb—O God! must he longer wear?

Why, the hired servants at home, on his father's bounty dine!
They have bread enough and to spare—the fruit of the field and vine—
While no man giveth leave to share the husks with the swine!

Then I know not how, but I know in that hour of mightiest stress,
A hope leaps up in his heart, like a spring in the wilderness:
The boy has come to himself! 'I will arise!' he says.

The message is thine, O boy! Afar from thy home and kin,
The blossom dead on the bough, and bitter the wages of sin!
Return! There's a path across—and Father will let thee in!

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All the World Over.

The Empress Frederick—'The Spectator,' London.
The Empress as a Correspondent—'Morning Post,' London.
The Emperor Francis Joseph—'Le Figaro.'
American Imperialism—By Sydney Brooks, in the 'Fortnightly Review.'
The Benefactions of a King—New York 'Tribune.'
The Passing of a Fascinating People—'Daily Mail,' London.
Mr. Dooley Again.
The Making of American Jockeys—By Allen Sangree, in 'Ainslee's Magazine.' Extract.
A Grand Jury—By H. B., in 'The Westminster Budget.
Millionnaires' Sons—'The Spectator,' London.
An Englishman—Defoe.
Commercial Education and Methods—Birmingham 'Post.'
The Stupidity of Cleverness—'The Globe,' London.
The Good Old Times—'Journal des Debats,' Paris.
The Forbidden City—Extract from the 'Cornhill Magazine.'
Apathy of Miners—By Bert M. Hogen, in 'The Commons,' Chicago.
Muskee-kee win-ni-nee—'The Westminster Budget.'

Something About the Arts.

Art at the Glasgow Exhibition—New York 'Evening Post.'
Story of Old St. Paul's—'St. James's Gazette.'
Church Music—Boston 'Evening Transcript.'

Concerning Things Literary.

'At the Burial of a Dog'—By Arthur Ransom in 'Literature.'
Song—By Robert Loveman, in 'Harper's Magazine.'
A Refrain—By M. A. Curtois, in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.'
Verse, 'A Kerry Stag'—By Edward Sydney Tylee, in 'The Spectator,' London.
Mr. Asquith on Literary Taste—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Plain United States—'The Academy.'
The Story of Charlotte Bronte—From the 'Young Woman.'
George Eliot—'Daily News,' London.
The Evolution of Mr. Anthony Hope—Birmingham 'Post.'
The Fallow Fields of Fiction—By E. A. B., in 'The Academy.'
Responsibility—'Public Ledger,' Philadelphia.
Oliver Cromwell—By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, M.A. Extract.
The Search—'The Academy.'
New Testament Criticism and the Faith—By Canon Gore, in 'The Pilot.'
A Faithful Creator—Abstract of a sermon by T. G. Selby.

Hints of the Progress of Knowledge.

The Morbid Sensitiveness of Modern People—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Science Notes—Canute Redivivus, The Eclipse of Zeppelin, Atmospheric Hydrogen, Town of Davos, Patriotism and Geography—'The Westminster Budget.'
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A JEALOUS MAGPIE.

A Jealous Magpie.

('The Prize.')

Yes, Pickles was a jealous bird,
And therefore wished to be
The most admired and dearest pet
Of little Marjory;
He really thought it quite a shame
If with her cat she had a game.

'Carack! carack!' in angry tones
This naughty magpie cried,
When out of doors one sunny day
His mistress he espied;
For, oh, dear me! it ruffled him
To see her carry Pussy Tim.

He hurried after them, of course,
And when he got quite near,
The noisy chatter that he made
Was horrible to hear;
And even Pussy Tim's green eyes
Were opened wider in surprise.

'Oh, Pickles, I am very vexed
With you,' his mistress said,
As with a frown at him she shook
Her pretty curly head.
'You do not wish me to be kind
To any but yourself I find.

'Be quiet, sir; go back at once,'
Then sternly added she;
'Until you are a better bird
You shall not follow me.'
And Pickles slowly hopped away,
As if ashamed and in dismay.

But this was not the case; oh, no!
For when our Marjory
Had started off again with Tim,
He followed stealthily;
On mischief he was surely bent,
To do a spiteful trick he meant.

He did it, too! He made a dart
At Marjory's legs behind,
He gave her quite a nasty peck—
Oh, was it not unkind?
Right through her stocking went his beak,
The pain it gave her made her shriek!

'Carack! carack!' he gaily cried,
As out of reach he sped,
And once again poor Marjory shook
At him her curly head;
'You cruel, jealous bird,' said she,
'Well punished you will surely be.'

And so he was. The fact was this—
He went and hid away,
And was not seen again until
The ending of the day;
He would not answer any call,
He would not show himself at all.

He sat upon a fir-tree branch,
And when the light grew dim
He heard his mistress and her friends
About in search of him;
But even then he did not go
In answer to their calling. No!

And when he heard them drawing near
He took another flight,
He meant to keep himself, you see,
Still longer out of sight;
So to a gloomy nook he flew,
Beneath the branches of a yew.

And there it was that Pickles found
His punishment, for he
Flew straight into a horrid trap,
And met with agony;
By iron teeth his legs were caught,
And hiding was no longer sport.

And very glad was Pickles when
His cries of woe were heard,
And he was found and carried home—
A sadly crippled bird.
Both legs were broken, so, you see,
That in a dreadful plight was he.

* * * * * *

From this we learn—If jealous thoughts
Are kept within the heart,
They certainly will cause a wish
To act a naughty part;
And then will follow grief and pain,
And not a single pleasant gain.'

A Little King's Daughter.

(Mary Poanna Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'Whatever work Thou hast for me to do, give it into my hands.

'If there are those Thou wouldst have me to help in any way send them to me.'

Ruth Miller repeated slowly and thoroughly these words from the 'King's Daughters' Prayer,' as she sat in her bedroom waiting for the ringing of the breakfast bell.

It was her habit to rise in time to have a few moments for prayer and reading before breakfast. 'Whatever work Thou hast for me to do,' thus ran her thoughts, 'the work for me to do to-day seems very easy and pleasant. In the morning I will help the girls to collect flowers and plants for decorating the church, and in the afternoon, if mother is willing, I will walk over to Mrs. Todd's and read her that pretty story I found last night in the new magazine. Poor old lady! it must be very hard for her to be growing blind! and then to live all alone! After awhile she won't be able to cook her food or to dress

herself, and then I wonder what she will do.'

Ruth was here interrupted by the ringing of the bell, and she ran downstairs with smiling face, to greet her mother and father, and her big brother Ben.

'Well, little girl, what are your plans for the day,' asked Mr. Miller, and Ruth told him how she was to gather flowers to trim the church for Children's Day, and how she desired to spend the afternoon. 'That's very good,' said her father, 'and I'll give you one of my new rose bushes to take to Mrs. Todd. She'll be able to enjoy the fragrance of the roses, at least, and it may be that she can see the outline of their forms.'

'If Ruth hadn't made her plans,' said Ben, 'I was going to invite her to go to the golf links with me.'

Now here was a temptation, for Ruth had been wishing for a long time to go to the golf links and to learn to play.

She thought the matter over, however, and then replied, 'I thank you ever so much, Ben, and I do want to go to the links, but perhaps you'll invite me for next Saturday instead of to-day.'

'Well done, daughter,' exclaimed Mr. Miller. 'I like to see a girl who can make a plan and stick to it, even if it calls for some sacrifice. Ben, you'll ask her next week, won't you?'

'Try to,' said Ben, very concisely. He was eating rapidly, in a hurry to be off. One would have thought that he had only an hour to play in, instead of that long summer day.

Ruth had a pleasanter morning than she had expected for one of her friends, a member of the King's Daughters' Circle, came for her in a little pony carriage to go in search of flowers. They first drove to the woods about a mile distant and succeeded in getting some beautiful wild flowers, and afterward went about the village to houses of friends, where they found some potted plants, and garden flowers already gathered in anticipation of their coming.

The girls did not need to assist in the decoration of the church, for that was the work of a committee of the Christian Endeavor Society, so at noon their work was done.

'I've had a lovely morning, mamma,' Ruth said as she entered the house on her return, 'and I hardly thought of Ben or of what he was doing, although this morning a week seemed a long time to wait to try my new golf sticks.' Her mother gave her a kiss for reply and then received a detailed account of the morning's operations.

After dinner, and a quiet hour spent in doing fancy work with her mother, Ruth set out for Mrs. Todd's. Approaching the house she was surprised by the sound of children's voices, and then more so at being received by a tall, sober-looking woman with a baby in her arms.

'Be you the little girl that comes to read to my aunt?' she inquired. 'She's right in this room. Come in.'

Ruth went in. Instead of finding her friend alone, as she had always done, she saw her surrounded by half-a-dozen children whom she was trying to entertain with a story.

'Guess you're surprised, ain't you?' said Mrs. Todd, whose strong point was not correct English. 'Well, you see, my nephew wasn't doing very well out West where he'd moved to and he writ me that he thought of moving East again, and I thought that if he and Sady 'd come and take care of me, they might have my house and farm. So here they be. It didn't take them long to pack and start. It was all done kind of sudden like. Now children, here is Miss Ruth Miller. Miss Ruth, I'll make you acquainted with Henry, and James, and Sarah, and Nellie, and Thomas and Jack. The baby hasn't any name, as yet. Quite a change for me, ain't it. But it's better than being alone at my age, and my sight a-failin' every day. Now what did you bring to read to me, Miss Ruth!' Ruth produced the story she had taken with her, and showed the rose bush. The children disappeared into hidden corners of the farm. When she had finished reading, the old lady thanked her and then inquired if the next day was Children's Day. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'and mother said that I might walk around here and take you to church if you'd like to go.' 'If I'd like to go? Why shouldn't I like to go? Why, it's six months if it's a day, since I've been. But I reckon you'll have more than you bargained for. If I go, all the children will want to go, too.' 'That's good,' said Ruth, 'we will take them all.'

So in the morning they went altogether, the nearly blind old woman, the little King's Daughter and the six stranger children, to the house of God. What is more, they continued to go every Sunday. Ruth did not need to call for the others after that morning for the children guided their aged aunt, and she stayed with them to Sunday-school.

'If there are those Thou would'st have me to help in any way, send them to me.' Is not this a beautiful prayer?

How The Twins Sold Plums.

This incident, from 'The Young People's Weekly,' carries with it a suggestive commercial lesson for boys:

Eli and Eben, the twins, had a plum-tree. Grandpa and the man Joshua sprayed it in the spring when they sprayed the other trees, and grandpa helped to thin the fruit. But the boys had to get up early two or three mornings a week all summer to jar the tree for curculio ; they kept the grass and weeds away from it, they watered it, and put salt and ashes about it, and in the fall they had a fine crop of plums to sell.

Eli could climb better than Eben, so he gathered the plums, while Eben held the step ladder under the tree.

Grandpa went through the shed while they were sorting the plums and putting them in little baskets.

'Don't sell anything but plums, boys,' he said, pleasantly, 'I've known folks to sell more than they meant to. A man up Caxton way took some pears down to the store one day to sell, They looked nice, and Mr. Brown bought them, but he had to throw away most of those in the bottom of the basket, and that man can't sell anything more to Mr. Brown. He sold the truth along with his pears.'

Grandpa went off to the barn and the twins looked at each other.

'Let's look the plums over again,' said Eli. 'I don't know about that box over there.'

'I'm afraid there's one in here that isn't nice, too,' said Eben, soberly picking up another box. 'We'll sell good ones, or we won't sell any.'

Eli nodded. 'That's so.'

They did sell nice ones, for Mrs. Fitch, the minister's wife, told grandma a week afterwards that she hoped the twins would raise plums every year she lived in Demster, for she never bought such plums before.

'I'm glad they didn't sell truth and honor when they only meant to sell plums,' said grandma. — A. L. M. Hawes.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 22.

Temperance Lesson

Proverbs xxiii., 29-35. Memory verses 29-31.

Golden Text.

'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'—Prov. xx., 1.

Lesson Text.

(29) Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? (30) They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. (31) Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. (32) At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. (33) Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. (34) Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. (35) They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not; when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

Suggestions.

(Condensed from 'Peloubet's Notes.')

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? The words corresponding to the two substantives are, strictly speaking, interjections, as in the margin of the R. V., 'Who hath Oh? who hath Alas? The woes are too great and many to name separately. They are woes of body and mind; woes in one's self, woes in his family; pains, diseases, poverty. A man sick on account of his sins suffers very differently from one sick in the providence of God. A prison, a cross, may be a glory, or it may be a shame. Who hath contentions? may mean the conflict between desire and conscience; more probably, quarrels and bickerings. 'Quarrelsome when in his cups' is an old saying. It excites tongue and brain; and 'when wine is in, wit is out,' and every evil word is spoken that stirs up bad feeling in others. 'Strong drink inflames the passions, and, at the same time, removes the restraint of conscience and will,—it first maddens, and then unchains the tiger.'—R. R. Meredith. Who hath babbling? Foolish talking, vile conversation, noisy demonstrations, revelation of secrets. His tongue is 'set on fire of hell.' The R. V. translates, 'Who hath complaining?' 'The word is now commonly regarded as meaning "sorrowful complaint; for example, over the exhausted purse, the neglected work, the anticipated reproaches, the diminishing strength." '—Delitzsch. Nothing goes right with the drinker. He complains of God, he complains of society, he complains of his family, of his circumstances, of everything. Nothing can be right to one who is so wrong. Who hath wounds without cause? Wounds received in causeless or wholly unprofitable disputes, wounds and stripes such as come of the brawls of drunken men.—Lange. The thought may go much farther than this. Drinking men are especially exposed to accidents and diseases which temperance would have prevented. Who hath redness of eyes? 'The word does not refer to the reddening, but the dimming of the eyes, and the power of vision.'—Delitzsch. The 'copper nose is another of the signs of the slave of strong drink, who 'makes his nose blush for the sins of his mouth.' The marks that distinguish the drunkard from others are first described as a sort of prison costume, by which prisoners are known, or as the brand F ('fur,' thief) on the face of a Roman thief.

They that tarry long at the wine. The tendency of strong drink is to continue drinking, to spend hours, often the whole night, in carousals. They that go to seek mixed wine. 'Mixed wine undoubtedly here signifies 'spiced, drugged, medicated' wine, the intoxicating power of which is increased by the infusion of drugs and spices.'—Muenscher. Such men 'drink the cup of a costly death.'

Look not thou upon the wine—do not put yourself in the way of temptation.

Thine eyes shall behold strange women. Expressing the fact that wine excites lust, and defiles the imagination and the character. The R. V., and the margin of the A.V., have, 'shall behold strange things,' as the drunkard does in delirium tremens. And all the time on the way to this his vision is perverted. Nothing appears to him as it really is. Thine heart shall utter perverse things. Because the heart itself becomes 'perverse.' Wild ravings thy heart shall utter. The primary sense of the verb being to turn a thing upside down, as said so often of Sodom and Gomorrah. Hence the noun denoting topsy-turviness, utter contradictoriness, absurdity, and wild confusion, the talk of a man in the delirium tremens.—Tayler Lewis. What ridiculous, incoherent nonsense will men talk when drunk, who at another time will speak admirably and to the point!—Henry.

As he that lieth down in the midst of the sea. Asleep on a vessel in the storm, and unconscious of his danger. Upon...a mast. An unsteady place, whence he is almost certain to fall. The drunkard is represented as surrounded by danger, and yet insensible to his perilous situation, as a reckless mariner reposing in a frail bark in the midst of a rolling, tempestuous sea; or as a sea-boy, sleeping soundly in unconscious security at the mast-head, in imminent peril of his life. The drinker does not believe he is in danger even when most in danger.

They have stricken me, ... and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not. This is the inebriate's contemptuous answer to the admonitions of those who warn him of sickness and wounds. He has been stricken, and not made sick; he has been beaten, but he has felt no bruises. It was but the temporary results of a frolic. There is no occasion for being troubled. Advice and warning are of little use then. The very drinking habits dull the conscience and harden the heart. 'The fool will not learn even by experience.' When shall I awake? Better, omitting the interrogation, When I shall awake I will seek it yet again.—Cook. I will seek it yet again. The picture ends with the words of the drunkard on waking from his sleep. He has been unconscious of the excesses and outrages of the night, and his first thought is to return to his old habit.—Cook. This is a true picture. One of the greatest punishments of drunkenness is this insatiable appetite, that, in spite of all warnings and in the face of all consequences, the drunkard returns again to his cups.

'Ha! see where the blazing grog-shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell,
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years,
The horrible 'Lighthouse of Hell.'
—McDonald Clarke.

'At the first it is the wine of pleasant fellowship; at the last it is the "wine of the wrath of Almighty God, poured out without mixture." At the first it is the agreeable excitement of an evening; at the last it is the long-drawn agony of an endless perdition. At the first it is the grateful stimulus of an hour; at the last it is "the worm that never dies, and the fire that never shall be quenched." '—Trask.

What shall we do about it? 1. Never begin. Keep away from drinking places and drinking company.

2. Do all you can to keep others from beginning.

3. Help to restore all those who have begun the downward way.

4. Sustain yourself in the right, by observation, by study, by a temperance atmosphere, by strengthening the will and the moral character, by working for the cause, by voting aright, and throwing all your influence against saloons and drinking customs in society.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 22.—Topic — The saloon power doomed.—Ps. xxxvii., 1-10. Temperance meeting.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TOUCH IT NOT.

Mon., Sept. 16.—An evil temptation. Prov. xxiii., 31.

Tues., Sept. 17.—It leads to excess.—Eph. v., 18.

Wed., Sept. 18.—It makes us forgetful. Luke xii., 42-46.

Thu., Sept. 19.—It weakens manhood.—Amos. vi., 1-6.

Fri., Sept. 20.—It brings loss. Prov. xxiii., 21.

Sat., Sept. 21.—It bars out from heaven.—Gal. v., 21.

Sun., Sept. 22.—Topic—Why I will never touch strong drink. Isa. v., 11-12; 20-24.

Alcohol and the Brain.

(A temperance lesson by Julia Colman.)

Note—Place on the blackboard the Seven Degrees of Alcoholic Poisoning:

First degree—Pressure on the Brain.

Second degree—Dizziness.

Third degree—Deceitfulness.

Fourth degree—Stupidity.

Fifth degree—Insanity.

Sixth degree—Frenzy, or delirium.

Seventh degree—The curse visited upon the children.

We will talk to-day about what alcohol does to the mind, to the 'think part,' as the little girl called it. Can you tell me what part of the body we think with?—(If there is no ready reply ask, With our hands?—With our feet?—With our head?)—What is it in the head that we think with?—(The brain). Did you ever see any brains?—Our brain is in the upper part of the head, and it is very soft and moist. It contains a large share of water. So when alcohol is carried to the brain by the blood, we feel it very quickly, because it takes up some of that water, so that the action of the brain is no longer natural nor easy.

The brain is the noblest part of man, because it is the part with which he thinks. Of course, then, it is the part with whch he knows God. Most of the animals have some brains, and you may have seen some of them. They look very much like the brains of man, but they are not so fine and delicate. The animals can not think so well as we can. And man is the only creature whose brains can learn about God; at least, so far as we know, man alone, of all the beings in this world, can get hold of the idea of a God. It is very gracious of the dear Lord to give us brains which are capable of knowing him. This is what makes it possible for us to be like him. And yet man is the only being who, of his own accord, poisons his brain, this noble organ which makes him like God. Alcohol is specially a brain poison, and man drinks it.

The amount of injury done to the brain is just in proportion to the amount of alcohol taken. Some people are much more easily affected than others, but it hurts every one who takes it. Such drinks as wine, beer, and cider, where the alcohol is not strong enough to burn the mouth nor the stomach, very often produce the first bad feeling in the head. You often hear people say of such drink, 'It went to my head.' This is still more the case with the stronger drinks.

Now let us see as nearly as we can just what effect alcohol produces on the drinker through this action on the brain. First comes the pressure on the brain of which we spoke (write); second; it produces dizziness. This action does not help thought. It interferes with it and confuses it. Surely that is the last thing a man ought to allow, but that is only the beginning. The confusion increases until he can not judge correctly of anything. Not long since there was a father who came to his nice home just dizzily drunk, and his beautiful little boy came bounding to the door to meet him, crying out: 'Oh, papa's come! papa's come!' just as some of these dear little boys do, I suppose. And his papa

picked him up and whirled him around and struck his head against the marble step, and killed him. He did not intend to do it, but his brain was so deceived by the drink that he could not judge how he ought to handle his own child. Then comes the deceitfulness. The tippler does not think correctly about anything. He calls himself rich when he has not a cent in his pocket. He fancies he is very wise when he is perfectly silly, that he is very agreeable when wholly disgusting, and that he is remarkably eloquent when he is simply spouting nonsense.

The fourth degree is stupidity. The brain is so badly poisoned that it scarcely works at all; and the man is not conscious of what is going on around him. He is at the mercy of all accidents and all enemies. He cannot take care of himself, much less of his wife and children. He injures his brain fearfully, and soon it becomes so bad that it does not work properly any of the time. It is diseased, and he becomes a lunatic. He was crazy at first during a part of his drunkenness, and now he becomes insane all the time. A great many of the patients in the insane asylums have been made lunatics by the drink.

Sometimes he goes into a frenzy with delirium tremens, the drunkard's madness, which is only a step beyond. That is the sixth degree, and makes the man feel as if he were in hell already. All drunkards do not come to that; they die before they reach it, or the drink induces some other disease which carries them off. But one truth is well established; alcohol affects the brain whenever it is taken. It makes the man more or less crazy every time, and if the drinker does not become insane himself, his children often become lunatics or idiots. Doubtless we all suffer more or less because our ancestors have been drinking men.

In some of these many ways the drinker shortens his life. It is believed that no less than 60,000 people die off every year through the effects of the drink. Perhaps some of you that are quick at figures can tell me how many that is in a week, or how many in a day, or in an hour. (If they cannot readily do so, ask them to cipher it out at home, and bring the result the next time.)—American Paper.

Tobacco Habit Among the Young.

Of late years juvenile smoking has been spreading like an epidemic in all countries of the world, and is attacking both the physical and moral health of nations. In France, in Germany, and in this country, efforts have been made to check its further inroads. In some parts of Germany, as also in portions of the United States, laws have been enacted prohibiting persons under the age of eighteen from smoking, and rendering it a punishable offence for any one to give or sell tobacco to children. In France numerous societies have been formed for the suppression of the vice.

In no country has this habit increased with the young to a greater extent than in England. The advent of the cheap cigarette is doubtless chiefly responsible for this condition of affairs. To see boys of seven or eight years old puffing their cigarettes is quite a common occurrence in London, and particularly is this the case in the East End. However, when a packet containing five cigarettes can be bought for two cents, the fact that smoking has become so general can scarcely be wondered at. Sir William Harcourt, in his last speech on the Budget, referred to the large increase of revenue received from tobacco, in these words: 'I believe it is mainly due to the great increase in the consumption of cigarettes, which are especially attractive to our youthful population.' He added, 'I am told of one manufacturer who makes "two million cigarettes a day," who hardly made any a few years ago.'

It has been proposed in Great Britain, as a remedy for the evil, that the members of the medical profession should make a move in the matter, and urge on the managers of schools the importance of special teaching exposing the harmfulness of juvenile smoking, and should also make such representations to Parliament and the Government as might lead to efficient legislation. It is difficult to see in what manner this vice can be checked among children unless by repressive measures.—'Pediatrics.'

Evolution of the Cigarette Smoker.

All forms of nerve stimulus are of the nature of a trick on the nervous system. The pleasurable or satisfying feeling that they may cause is a deception, and each deception renders the future actions of the nervous system less trustworthy. In proportion as this happens, the nervous system becomes degenerate or 'wears out.' The pleasure derived from the use of stimulants is therefore only a semblance of pleasure and is obtained by the destruction of those structures on which the feelings of pleasure and pain depend. In adult life this injury may leave no great traces. In youth any injury to the nervous system causes a permanent deterioration.

There is, as we know, a false notion of manliness current among boys—a notion that manhood lies in vices and dissipations of a man, rather than in the development of a man's strength. By carrying out this idea, in one way or another, the development of true manhood is often rendered impossible.

As a college teacher, my experience with boys who have formed the cigarette habit is somewhat limited. It, however, confirms me in the opinion that such boys are like wormy apples; they drop long before harvest time. Very few of them ever advance far beyond the first year. They rarely make failures in after life, because they do not have any after life. The boy who begins cigarette-smoking before his fifteenth year never enters the life of the world.

When the other boys are taking hold of the world's work he is concerned with the sexton and the undertaker.

There is one grim argument to be made for the use of cigarettes by boys. It helps in the survival of the fittest. The manly boy does not take to such things. He has life in him, plays football, hunts ducks—does 'anything' but deaden himself with narcotics.

The cigarette boy does none of these things. He becomes ill when work is laid upon him. His friends are solicitous because he studies so hard and looks so pale. He is withdrawn from school, and after a few years of life with shattered nerves he passes away, leaving the place he might have filled to the 'deep-lunged children of the fatherland.'

But all vice is corrosive and spreads from the rotten to the sound. Every year men whose lives are worth saving are wrecked through foolish notions of manliness caught from youthful associates. It is bad morals and bad economics to permit this waste. No community can afford to 'throw good life after bad' in the way tolerated in San Francisco.—David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University.

The Old Safe Way.

Two boys stopped in front of a saloon, and an old man standing near, listened to what they said.

'Let's go in and take a drink,' said one of them.

'I—I don't think we'd better,' said his companion: 'my father's terribly opposed to saloons. I don't know what he'd say if he knew I had been in one, and drank liquor there.'

'Just for the fun of the thing, you know,' urged his friend; 'of course, we'll stop with one drink. There can't be any harm in that.'

'My boys,' said the old man, coming up to them, 'you don't know what you're talking about. If you go in and take one drink, you're not sure of stopping there. The chances are that you won't, for I tell you—and I know what I'm talking about by a bitter experience — there's a fascination about liquor that it takes a strong will to resist after the first taste of it, sometimes. Take the first drink, and the way of the drunkard is open before you. Only those who let liquor entirely alone are safe. I know, for I've been a drunkard a good many years. I expect to be one till I die. I began by taking a drink just as you propose to—"for fun"—but I didn't stop there, you see. Take the advice of a poor old wreck—and that is, never take the first drink.'—'Anti-Tobacco Gem.'

Correspondence

Birr, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a mile and a half to go to school. I am in the second class; our teacher's name is Miss Cater. I like her very much. My birthday is on May 6. I am nine years old. I have three pets; their names are Kitty White foot, and Darkie and Bobs. I have one sister and three brothers.

VIOLET P

Birr, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the Correspondence over with so much pleasure that I thought I would write and say so. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' since January last, and as my auntie lends me the 'Witness.' I have a good word for both. I live on a farm about twelve miles north of London, and have one sister and three brothers all younger than myself. A year ago last Xmas, my father got me a pair of skates, which I was delighted with and wished to use at once. I soon learned to skate. My brother (who also had gotten a pair of skates) and I had a fine time skating the first winter, but last winter ice was scarce around here.

EDNA E. H.

Benmillar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the children's letters. I go to school every day, and my brother and I just passed the leaving lately at the age of eleven. We both passed in honors. Our teacher was very glad we did. I have five brothers and three sisters. We live on a farm and have a dog named Rover.

E. M.

Benmiller, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I love to read the 'Messenger' and the Montreal 'Weekly Witness.' I am eleven years old and I am past the public school leaving. Yours truly,

Canso, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My real home is in the country, but my papa died about four months ago, and now I am living with my brother. We live in the town. My brother came last fall, and I like to live in the town. My niece takes the 'Messenger;' it seems funny that my niece is five years older than I. I am in the third book. I will be glad when school begins again. I have no pets; I had a cat and she got sick and we had to drown her; her name was Tabbie.

ALMA S. (Aged 12).

Barrie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday-school. We take eight different papers but I like the 'Messenger' the best. Before I could read mother used to read all the stories in the 'Messenger' for us and I never used to get tired listening. We have three horses and three cows. I ride on one of our horses. I passed the entrance examination and I now intend to go to the High School. I have one sister and three brothers all younger than myself. Father is going to get me a bicycle next spring. If I see this letter in print I will write again and give you a description of Barrie.

MAGGIE J.

New Glasgow, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have seen a great many letters in the 'Messenger,' but I have never seen any from New Glasgow. So, I thought I would make a start. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I have two sisters and one brother. We are having our holidays now. I was in junior three reader when I left school. And when I go back I will be in senior three. I wonder if any little reader has their birthday on the same day as mine, which is on June 5.

SARAH E. (Aged 9).

Townsend Centre, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw some correspondence in the 'Northern Messenger,' and I thought I would write a letter, too, and have it in print. I have one brother who is seven years old, and one sister, who is four. We go to the Baptist Sunday-school every Sunday and get the paper. I would like to sign for it after a while. We have two cats, Tom and Tim, and they are both as black as night. My brother and I go to school. Our teacher's name is Mr. Smith, and we like him very much. WILLIE L.

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